

TWO POEMS BY LEWIS HORNE

Morning Thunder

This morning, scarcely awake, we hear  
the thunder. It is not loud. The sky  
through the window looks no darker than  
it would at early dawn. It makes  
smooth slippage into day, a rumble  
so contented in its lumber  
through the clouds it might be made  
by strollers: made not by a pair  
of young impassioned lovers but  
an older two — a husband let  
us say and wife who move along  
a customary walk well-swathed  
in years, decades three or four  
of partnership and family,  
joints a bit dilapidated,  
anxieties not idle  
but in some repose. And if  
they chuckle in a rumble,  
they do together at a joke  
they know and understand before  
disruption of the punchline so  
they make an innocent weather as  
they walk, the two of them. While we —  
we hear the rumbly morning humor,  
touched by the shower of contentment,  
lying in the dawn together.

## Bus Terminal

All seats are temporary.  
The air's a market place  
of smoke and odors too long  
molded by the yeasty walls.

We sit in transit, sealed  
as it were in a Mason jar  
so the outside air, damp  
and cool under dripping prairie clouds,

cannot fellowship.  
A locker bangs. A girl  
appears to pitch a frown  
as she makes change for a Hershey bar.

The clock on the wall takes time  
we're made of, ticks it past  
each set of postures, each  
ringed in by bridled muscle. Here

enclosed in waiting, staring  
past a scallop of shoulder,  
suitcase heavy at hand,  
boredom disperses itself without

an echo, like idle talk  
for which there is no listener.